

The History of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A busines that this night may execute:)
To morrow coosen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee need his helpe these foure teene dayes;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whome you now must steale, and take no leaue
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Methinkes my moiety North from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:

See, how this riuer comes me crauking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:
He haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the snug and siluer Trent shall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent
To rob me of so rich a bosome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like advantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

War. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and even,

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alfred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Henry the fourth.

Glen. VVhy, that will I,

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in welth.

Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traine vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the haire
Many an English dittie, louly wel,
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament:
A vertu that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with al my heart,
I had rather bea kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brassen canstick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as minling Poetry:
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come you shall haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thre to much land
To any wel deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a heaire.
Are the indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haue the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraidemy daughter will runmad,
So much she doreth on her Mortimer.

Mor. Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse sometime he anger sme
VVith telling me of the Moldwarp and the Anr,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophedies:
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moultren Rauen,
A couc hing Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith: I tell you what,
He held me last night, at least, nine lioures,
In reckning vp the seuerall diuels names